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The Sky Raiders

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Roll of Honor

New England Fliers Who Lost Lives
During the World War

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RAYMOND T. BALCH
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FRANK L. BAYLIES
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JAMES B. BEANE
CONCORD
SIDNEY M. BEAUCLERK
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ALEXANDER B. BRUCE
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EDWARD L. BULLARD
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LOWELL
ELLIOT A. CHAPIN
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EDWIN F. CHAPMAN
CANTON
WILLIAM H. CHENEY
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ARLINGTON

THE SKY RAIDERS

by Paul Whelton
Staff Writer and World War Flyer

ABOVE the dull booming of artillery came the shrill, spiteful chat-chat-chat of aerial guns as the two planes shot past, wheeled, shrieked along a back track—closed again for the elusive kill.

Death was riding grimly there in the heavens as Lieut. Gude, the American, and two unidentified Germans in a Fokker triplane drove hard their winged chargers and squeezed machine gun triggers.

But groans came from the lips of the watchers far below.

"He's firing 'oo far away; why doesn't he hold it?"

"Pull up, Gude; pull up!"

Sun glinting from their wings up there under the blue canopy, the swift-flying ships darted in, missed, zoomed and again were past, like two spitting dragon flies.

Now, however, Lieut. Gude pulled out of the duel and with a long reversement headed back for the field on which his mates stood. Not one of those on the ground was there who did not know the answer as white puffs of smoke from the anti-aircraft guns began to burst around the Boche machine. The American's ammunition was exhausted.

But one there was who suddenly detached himself from the group, ran to a motorcycle, hopped on and raced away for the hangars at the far end of the field.

"Luf's going a-bunting," grinned one of the pilots.

With all his long string of victories, Major Raoul Lufbery of Wallingford, Ct., soldier of fortune and seeker of adventure who had looked into all the odd corners of the world, had never brought down a German plane within the Allies' lines.

Here was an excellent opportunity on this sunny Sunday morning of May 19, 1918, in the Toul sector. Here, indeed, was an excellent opportunity to make two marks with one effort—get his Boche within the lines and at the same time avenge the loss of Jimmy Hall, shot down behind the German lines 12 days before.

Across the field he raced and bumped on the motorcycle. His own ship was in the repair shop, but that of Lieut. Philip Washburn Davis of West Newton, scheduled for a late afternoon patrol, was standing on the field. Beside the plane he abandoned the motorcycle.

"She is ready?" he shouted at the mechanics who had come running at his approach.

"She is ready," one of them said as Lufbery climbed into the cockpit.

"Switch off," he called.

"Switch off," the mechanic repeated, and wound the propeller.

ler, once, twice, balanced it on compression and stepped back.

"Contact," he called.

WITH a deafening roar the engine caught, and dust and bits of grass and small pebbles whirled back in a mingling cloud.

Even before the motor was sufficiently warmed, Lufbery was rolling swiftly across the field. Knowing nothing of the condition of his guns, or the small peculiarities of another man's machine, the ace dived up into the blue, while again his mates watched from below.

Five minutes after leaving the ground he was within range of the three-winged Fokker with the fore and aft guns and, as he dived in to the attack, Lufbery blew several short clearing bursts from each of his own guns, synchronized to fire through revolutions of the propeller.

The white puffs of the exploding anti-aircraft shells had ceased around the Fokker, but Lufbery swerved off and to the watchers below it appeared that he was attempting to clear one of the guns which had jammed.

A wide sweep around, climbing, and with the jam apparently cleared, he did a wingover and again dived to the attack.

Down, down, down he shrieked but his guns remained silent. And on the field, his mates, tensed and blinking, rooted him on.

"Hold it, Luf; hold it, hold it!" He held the fire, because here was no novice on his first sortie, blasting wildly at an impossible range. Streaks of white tracer smoke spit from the tail of the Fokker and then from the nose as the German yawed and turned to run.

A short burst from Lufbery's guns and he was by, then shoot-up and climbing—reaching for the blue—turning and rearing back once more.

Wheeling, dipping, darting in and darting out again, guns chattering—attack and away, attack and away—like two terriers of the sky the planes jockeyed, and the smoke of their gunfire whirled and added in the siltstreams.

Although unable to get into position to fire effectively and still not leave himself a fair target, the American was suc-

ceeding in drawing his opponent far back into Allied territory, back almost four miles from where the duel had begun.

Lufbery was at a great disadvantage, for he could not attack from front or rear of the Fokker without exposing himself to the direct aim of the machine gunners at either end of the fuselage. Their sole task was to sight and operate their guns, while Lufbery had to maneuver his ship and fire at the same time.

BUT scores and scores of these battles had the soldier of fortune seen in and still the bullet with his name on it had yet to meet with him.

Chat-chat-chat—grim message of death.

"Don't these Fritzies ever run out of ammunition?" the Connecticut ace must think as the mouth holds to a thin line under the little mustache and the keen eyes that have viewed so many places peer out through the eerie goggles.

A fair burst, however, and the Boche would be unable to reach his own lines, even if he did suc-

ceed in pulling out of the fight and making a crippled landing of it.

Close again now! Can see the Boche pilot sitting there, staring through his goggles. See the color of his helmet and the scarf he wears, whipping out behind his neck.

Chat-chat-chat! Suddenly Lufbery's Nieuport sidesteps swiftly and he fights the controls. It rights again in a second. A thick

burst of smoke vomits from the center of the ship, engulfing him—spuming out behind. An incendiary bullet has pierced his gasoline tank. Life is short now!

Nose straight down, now up again. Slipping, tumbling like a wounded bird. The smoke blows back thicker and thicker, black, ugly, oily smoke.

Fighting for control but losing. The sands are running out but the Boche are not content. Spiraling around him, their mitrailleuses spit forth more explosive bullets into the tumbling avion.

A tiny stream below, threading through a village. It must be Maron, just north of Nancy, but it is difficult now to see. Ever thin, this thread of life in the past four years. It must snap now unless the water can be reached. Thirty-three is too young to die.

Only 1500 feet now, 1200, down to 800. The war-torn earth below, threaded by the stream. God, it's hot!

From the field the watchers saw a tiny form shoot from the midst of that fiery furnace.

Unable longer to withstand the

Picturesque Gervais Raoul Lufbery of Wallingford, Ct., lone wolf above the Western Front, takes off first today in the flight of the "Sky Raiders."

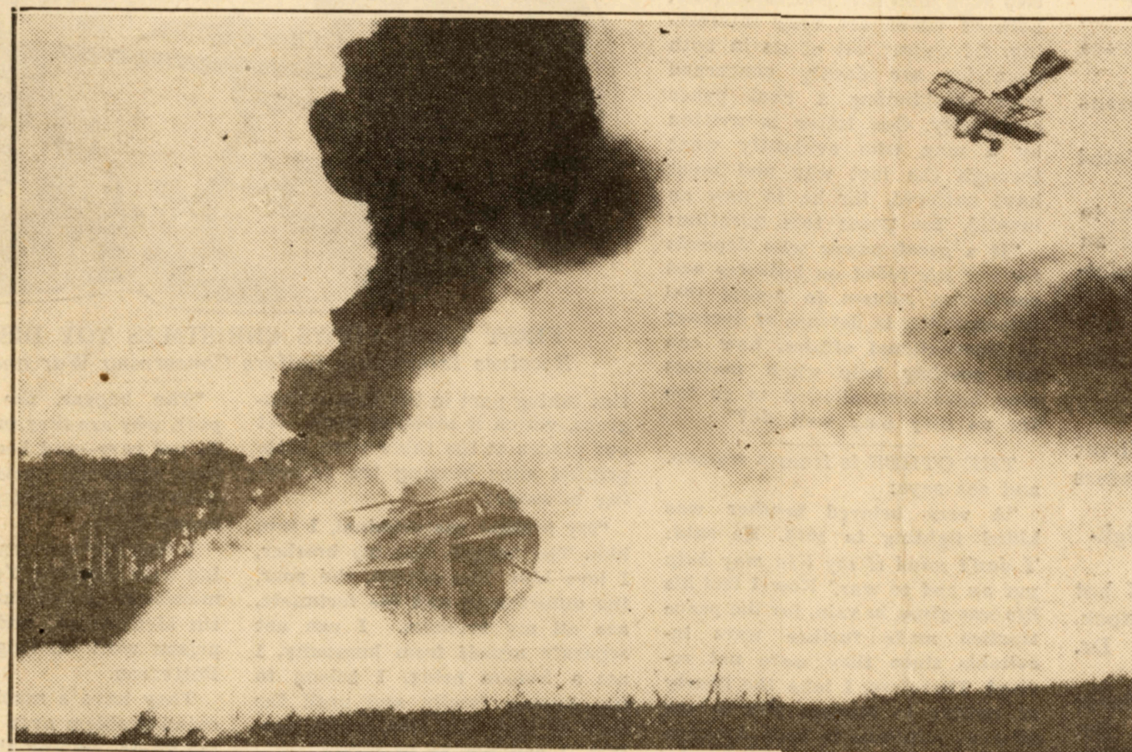
Lufbery, adjutant in the Lafayette Escadrille, a major in the United States Army Air Corps, fought in the air during the World War longer than any other New Englander, and at his death, six months before the war's end, had accounted officially for more German planes than any flier from New England.

Thus the soldier of fortune leads off in this series. The story of Eddie Rickenbacker, America's top ace, will be told tomorrow.

German Plane in Flames . . . Somewhere Over France



International News Photo
LONE WOLF—Pictured "somewhere in France" during the World War is Gervais Raoul Lufbery of Wallingford, Ct., known as the "lone wolf" of the Western Front.



WAR PLANE MEETS TANK—The Sky Raider's life was ever studded with tragic adventure . . . each day brought new problems, new ways to court death . . . the Sky Raider was the knight errant of the World War. And, here, against the iron sides of a shell tossing tank, a plane makes valiant war . . . loosing a hail of machine gun bullets as the tank founders like a flaming inferno.

Roll of Honor

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GEORGE W. KILLORIN
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ALTON H. KIMBALL
EDWIN P. KINGSLAND
ERNEST H. LEACH
ERIC LINGARD
BOSTON
DEAN E. LOCHMAN, Jr.
SALEM
ORLANDO M. LORD
SOUTH BOSTON
RAOUL LUFBERY
WALLINGFORD, CT.
SAMUEL P. MANDELL
BOSTON
RALPH R. MCCORMACK
EAST BOSTON
RAYMOND B. MESSER
LOWELL
HAROLD H. METCALF
SOUTHBORO, MASS.
EUGENE D. MORSE
BROOKLINE
JOSEPH G. MURPHY
SOMERVILLE
T. CUSHMAN NATHAN
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WORCESTER
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WAREHOUSSE POINT, CT.
ALFRED T. WYMAN
FITCHBURG

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